

APRIL, 1963

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



GEORGE LOIS / CARL FISCHER

The Good Life in Ireland
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Visit backstage at the track some sunny day—and wear your Asher slacks made with Fortrel® Slacks Appeal works wonders! Note the slacks the young man is wearing. See how they impart a suave, self-assured look! That's Asher's unparalleled know-how with a needle. The crisp new fabric is a Stevens Scoreboard weave of Fortrel® polyester, wool and mohair. It holds its shape while it flatters yours. The style, Asher's pleated model. You could also choose to wear a classic plain-front, or beltless "Regent" style. Asher makes them all with that special savor fare known as

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It's Snead's Samory Sneed in his handsome Sam Sneed slacks expertly styled by Glen Oaks in a BUR MIL fabric by Burlington Men's Wear of Fortrel polyester and nylon. Fortrel refuges wrinkles and creases, adds fresh, trim resilience. In handsome shadow patterns, checks and stripes. Sizes 28-44, short, regular,

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Fortrel... *Colson* contemporary fiber

ESQUIRE / April

Esquire

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ESQUIRE / April

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Miss Patricia Madine (Mrs. Joseph Cotton) Miss Margaret Leighton Miss Barbara Streisand Mr. Colbie Hawkins Miss Faye Egan Miss Rita Gam Miss Liz Gardner Mr. John Saxon

David Merrick gives a backstage party

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We pride ourselves in following the path with our own personal touch with careful selection, careful fitting and amazing personal service.

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When you wear 'Botany' 500 sport coats and slacks you are ready for casual casual living. Bright new fabrics and smart designing combine to bring you the gaily colorful, fashion and good looks appropriate for leisure excursions. The dedicated 'Botany' 500 Personal Touch is a paradise for perfection in fabric styling and tailoring. At your assurance of depend-

able quality. At authorized 'Botany' 500 dealers at their Quikly Value prices. Sport Coats from \$15.95* Slacks from \$11.95*. Send for informative booklet 'The Personal Touch' and the name of your nearest dealer. Write: H. Carroll & Sons, Inc. 2306 Walnut Street Philadelphia 3, Penna. (a division of Belknap Industries)

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In *The Elegant Life* (12/1 Oge), which begins on page 48, we had space for less than one third of the story of Ireland's heritage in luxury living—especially for the apartments.

Take fishing, for instance. We did manage to give it a passing mention in the last year—but no *Esquire* young man's passing mention to fly fishing is one of the best things a writer can do to get himself loved.

Indeed in all cases, the base of some of the fundament as above is to be found anywhere, on a beach place is particularly humorous around this time.

And from this, though, writing about fishing in Ireland is sheer joy. There is no place—there I know of, at least—where so many big schools are so willing to give the Rebragan an opportunity. And at the lowest cost per catch.

A seven-day license for salmon and sea trout costs \$2.00; for \$4.00 you can fish in the water area for a year; and \$14.50 buys you a license for a year's fishing anywhere in the country.

There's fine salmon fishing in Lough Corrib, Lough Conn, Lough Erne in Donegal. The Killarney Lakes and Lough Carraun in Waterville, and so many others as well but the best salmon fish, once you're persuaded and are let by the moon or moonlight. Day tickets are available for some streams.

The salmon season opens on a few rivers in February 1, but most opens in February 1. March and April usually are the best months for spring fishing. Spring salmon averages in to twelve pounds and there are plenty of twenty pounders on some rivers. A forty pounder is taken just about once a year. Many rivers have big

ness of miles, averaging about five pounds, beginning around the first of May. Summer salmon range from eight to ten pounds and up, and some of the best summer salmon fishing is in the smaller lake and river systems of Barry, Coosworth, and Shaver.

On the last morning I had to drive to pick up on West street in Fresno and came from John Mackin, in charge of the American Dredging sports goods firm of Camille and Mackin. Back in 1907 he said, the River Shoshone were damaged, and the salmon that had been coming in from the sea were spring were limited to change half way of life. Now they put into the River Shoshone a tributary of the Shoshone below the dam, in the canyon and in Stock are that they there's scarcely more for them to survive.

The author was so good that local craftsmen and vendors gave up their jobs to earn their money at Solomon, and the island visitor can be fairly sure of getting a dinner table a day. But not eating there is less possible when conflict is in the air at all times.

Tons without. Because the more you try and treat, or while treat, as that's usually called in Ireland. They average from three quarters of a pound to two pounds, but where you find them you find lots of them. The best ones found here are preserved by private owners, or by hotels. It's fairly good, but there's good fish. Baking is enough. Cornish and Waterbury and George Lake is Navy and more from and small.

If you don't like your own guy with you, Garretts and Wetzels will send you a fly and let it fly a day and tell you where flies for little costs and great flies for \$2.50 cents more. And you can fly your own and bring clothes at many shops throughout Ireland for approximately less than \$10.00 and you at home. Add about five dollars a day for a glass, or a bottle and his food, and you're on. *Continued*

For the day, Rydeshonau went like to combine a rugged sporting adventure with a sexual saga: we pined along Jake Nankin's room, mused that he with Louie Raskin in County Cavan around the last week in May to cast the "quest girl" *By*—and the quest girl is where the sex story ends.

It seems that the scoliids simply (1) remove the insect's scales in order and the female then flies out over the water, deposits her eggs, and returns around a little while before dropping into the water to die with wings out stretched—as an omen to a love affair we've heard of to a lone, lone whale.

Meanwhile the brown trout, an anadromic smelt that they are, are piddling up the river spent time. Crossing along just under the surface, they follow a regular pattern, like street cleaners, and rise at regular intervals to gobble whatever might be lying about. Cast your wonderful! Synchronise down where a brown trout is due to break the surface and you've got yourself a fish.



You'll find it a surprisingly different ride, too. For one thing, Imperial is designed for luxury on the grand scale: its suspension is unequalled, even to the dampers behind and below the steering wheel.

And, you'll see unexcused luxury in standard equipment. Among them: power windows, hidden storage compartments in the front doors, an automatic parking brake release, and an in-ride control for the outside mirror, in addition to the usual power seats.

But Imperial's most startling difference is in the driving. Though it maneuvers easily 15 feet and usually weighs over 5000 pounds, the car maneuvers and corners and responds

It is precisely for such reasons that we challenge you to judge the one luxury car warranted* for 5 years or 50,000 miles. Just call your Imperial dealer, and he'll reserve a car for you.

¹These authors of Indian India's *Shikharas* regard rights as natural and unalienable as PRT does but also attach much more emphasis to their understanding of the sacred than do letters. For example, in 2000, they published a book titled *Shikharas: Sacred and Spiritual Sites*. *Shikharas* are said to contain five types of energies: divine, human, natural, including that of animals, and of the earth, and of the sun and moon. The authors of *Shikharas* also state that the sacred is not only a place but also a feeling, a state of mind, which has arrived at mankind through suffering in the human condition for five millennia.

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ECGZ00000001 | 10-01-2000

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ON ANY OTHER RECORD AVAILABLE
ON ANY LABEL ANYWHERE



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DYNAGROOVE is not a single effort to improve sound. It's a completely new kind of recording—in both stereo and monaural—it's the most significant advance in the recording art since the introduction of the L.P.! A Dynagroove record will deliver to your stereo or monaural phonograph (with no additional equipment) all the clarity, beauty and absolute brilliance of the original performance consistently free from distortion.

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The development of the Dynagrace recording process began three years ago with a research program at the RCA Victor studios in New York and the David Samoff Research Center in Princeton, N. J.

- New techniques and new equipment for "fixing" both the concert hall and the recording studios were developed.
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- High-powered electronic mix equipment was developed for Dynagrover.
- Additional experimentation led to advances such as doubling the recording speed of original tapes and exclusive new methods of transfer to disc.
- Each of these advances by RCA

growth brought the fidelity of molecular

the very brink of "live performance" quality. The art of capturing sound on master tapes had been virtually perfected. One hurdle remained: how to transfer this pure, undistorted sound to an L.P. record? The answer, the development of an "electret horn" which directs the outline of the grooves in the Decca/Demo master record

Dynagroove revealing like a clear window which perfectly reveals all the other excellences of the new RCA Victor sound system.

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- 3. TRUE BRILLIANCE AT ALL VOLUME LEVELS** Is either quiet or normal, you will hear the original sound of voices and instruments with startling definition even when playing at low volume levels.
- 2. PERFECTED PRESENCE** You will have the aural impression that you are right inside the concert hall or recording studio itself—whether you play the new Dynaprogressive records loud or low or in-between.
- 3. GREATER CLARITY** You will notice orchestral passages of great contrast and scope that it will be like hearing *fresh* musical selections for the first time.

4. REMARKABLE FIDELITY. You will hear without distortion—clear, live sound, even now the center of the record, where the diameter becomes smaller and smaller. Two more remarkable features of Dynagroove records: you do not need special equipment to play it, everything is on the record itself. Secondly, new Dynagroove records are in the same way suggestions of a motionally active

MAKE THIS MEAN TEST

Play your best recording (any label) and compare the sound with that on our new *Dissonance* record!

1. Play both at normal level, first at full volume. (The Dynascope recording is a stunning experience.)
2. At low level—note the Dynascope record has more full-bodied and the whole spectrum of sound is complete, not thinned out!
3. Play inner grooves—at normal, high and low levels. Note how the magnificent new Dynascope sound is undistorted—even when you play it at low volume!

HEAR THE FIRST GREAT NEW ALBUMS IN DYNAGROOVE BY RCA VICTOR

FULLER-BROTHERS, INC.
Atlanta and Other Offices
in the South Atlantic States

STUDYING IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY: THE CHALLENGE OF CULTURAL DIFFERENCES

Leahy calls and his daughter, "Stephanie," told him earlier in the afternoon.

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 351–358

WILSON & JAMES CHASE.
Have "The Morning Train"
on page 4. Last time.

See *Journal of the American Academy of Religion*, 49 (1981), 1-2, 198-200.

26. L. B. F. H. J. D. K. M. P. / 08-07-2017
27. L. B. F. H. J. D. K. M. P. / 08-07-2017
28. L. B. F. H. J. D. K. M. P. / 08-07-2017

ROBERT DEAN CRESS
The University of

FROM "MADAMA BUTTERFLY"
Puccini, Tokyo. Sing songs in
my Japanese house.

ALL **BOOKS** **REVIEWED** **BY** **DR. C. SCHUBERT, Penn State**
Phys. 480b, "Superconductivity"

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EXCITING NEW DYNAGROOVE L.P. ALBUM "THE SOUND OF TOMORROW."



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Yes when they have the authority of Lee combined cotton twills

Modesty wears the pants tag on his trousers, so his shoes, his looks great. And that's true, the expense \$25 for his shoes because that's how much the tag is agreed to get the kind of shoes he likes. One look tells us, his quality

But all he has to spend is \$4.00 to get the kind of shoes he likes. One look tells us, his quality. Last October he went to the store with a cotton twill shirt and a pair of shoes. He was looking for a pair of shoes. He was looking for a pair of shoes. He was looking for a pair of shoes.

Leesures by Lee



FILMS DWIGHT MACDONALD

My Leases and Mr. Leases

Cinema is the most spectacular and fragile of the arts. Its vehicles and media can live between sculpture and architecture can survive a long time. That's why the medium has not only survived but also thrived. The film industry is the only one that has not only survived but also thrived. The film industry is the only one that has not only survived but also thrived.

These opportunities are of course, but they are not the only ones. There are many other opportunities. There are many other opportunities. There are many other opportunities. There are many other opportunities. There are many other opportunities.

Producer Joe Levine says he is going to put on a new film. He is going to put on a new film. He is going to put on a new film. He is going to put on a new film. He is going to put on a new film.

For selling the picture. However, the picture is not the only one. The picture is not the only one. The picture is not the only one. The picture is not the only one. The picture is not the only one.

The answer to Mr. Levine's question "How do you do it?" is to be a producer. It is to be a producer. It is to be a producer. It is to be a producer. It is to be a producer.

A few words on this Jewish E. Levine might be interesting. He is the only one who has not only survived but also thrived. He is the only one who has not only survived but also thrived. He is the only one who has not only survived but also thrived.



Cooler—because they're lighter—actually 35% lighter than ordinary shoes! But Florsheim quality delivers the same service because the weight is removed only where there isn't any wear! All new—all leather—all Florsheim!

Upper left: The Force, 2000, plus we say it's in black only. Lower left: The Force, 2000, plus we say it's in black only. Lower right: The Force, 2000, plus we say it's in black only.

Also Florsheim shoes in 1990, in 1990, in 1990.

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(A. Mrs. for All Seasons) is very good, the Ayres like the Ayres, the Hughes like the Hughes and there are many like dramatic touches, different from the fashion that has emerged, Christopher Reeve who has been—has many more on top—a promising playwright, reads out the three famous-Chris, especially. As the advantage of Lawrence is that it is about a contemporary

subject and which some like can be divided as upland a woman religious myth which is very different. The rest of "strong", also Gwyneth (the blind, also) Lawrence as a Prime. From the rest of his earlier portrayals of Paul the father figure. From the three-Chris, especially. As the advantage of Lawrence is that it is about a contemporary

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"It's great!"

"And you said I couldn't make a good martini!"

"How did you...?"

"The gin, my love. Look at the gin!"



Yes, look at the gin. If it's Seagram's you can see it's amber dry. One sip—and you'll know that this is by far the finest gin you've ever tasted. Look at the bottle. Come to think of it, isn't it looking a little bit better? Right now? Seagram's Extra Dry Gin. Available only at Seagram's.



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Two final points: (1) For the first time in my three years of porcupine sportshooting, the disorientated beecher with which I was "gifted" was well worth the buck the test customers have to pay, being in the otherwise a college text.

penetrable diagram of "Aerografi West Shore" private in the Kaseki Force. That might be the case, since it is substantially done at nuclear speeds, or to move up to high levels as "showed" dualistically speaking. For what

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Nothing wacky-musky about a 7-Up highball! Here's where you get to hate the whiskey you like. Only it tastes better than you ever remember it—because 7-Up flattens it, rounds out flavor. Seven-Up puts sparkle in your glass, too. Enough sparkle so your drink stirs itself. Try a 7-Up highball—and enter it.

[illegible]

The Jack Nicklaus

*PHONE calls to Jack Horvath stopped in the past year, and the remaining two people left in 1997. Horvath's brother, the 1997's "Big Chem," is now the owner of the new station located 300 ft. Columbia St. About 15 ft. closer toward the top of the hill, says Horvath's C. Head 315 558-1200. Horvath and his wife, Kelly, moved to the new station in 1997. The station is now located at the top of the hill, and the old station is now a parking lot.

A small young trout too valuable to be used but since these days
by CHARLES K. FOR

FISH CATCHES MAN

If you think progress lies in the shrimp, if the night and sound of carbon-fishing fish are your friends, if it is the challenge of chosen problems and the solution of some of them which is your reward, then it is time to appreciate the trout situation. Look at that black cloud on the horizon. It is murky, one way. When you just breathe, it will not catch up with you and me in our athletic, and healthy, risk-taking spirit; but how about our children? It is a dark cloud—the end of an era for freshwater sport consistently good trout fishing, after a few years and a tradition with our fathers and grandfathers before them, and we should be. When that cloud passes overhead it will drop the only true quality trout fishing. The show will be over. Even then, without good water will be fished only for club members or by collectors. It will not mean to appreciate the real thing—game, as it were, or freedom. It should be thought will be left a little pitiable, unimpaired, sparkling, mean, second-class water, but it is.

Will standards suddenly loose down be good enough for you boys? It isn't for me. The flooding is not right for that. Will you see for a moment to join a good private club or two? I can't tell that you about now. But, here is his son, my boy. A hole has been taken on this black cloud. When he from Colorado. (Proceedings.) (Comment has been leveled and has caught fire.) It is the Rainbow Trout. It is the best, the best, the small young trout in his hands to be used only once. Trout fishing is something better, better, but it is not as good as trout fishing. Good fishing, that is the place where the black off the old club will be doing his training. It is not going to be necessary for him to be out and out and to be trained.

He is better to enjoy quality fishing.

It's the best situation, have learned how to develop and men to look just as fine and construct some. Being as my experience with this problem. It's been here to be long about and hold a kind of self-indulgent fish. We—Trout, Colorado, the Colorado of Colorado, the Trout. Colorado, we have not forgotten a child, and the Pennsylvania Fish Commission will be long—has combined forces and efforts to make some of quality trout fishing. Only a combined effort could strengthen the job. Now it is a community project—somebody to develop, somebody to protect, somebody to protect them it is. One for the solution, covered by Trout Colorado, developed by the Trout Council of the Colorado of Colorado, and approved by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission. By my sheep, that is a beautiful and unique for making and making.

There are fish, trout, streams, which means a good carrying capacity, a wonderful area of growth and a high holder of trout. The last my hatch some of this is in fact, the fish, but, only, in the same sense there is no stocking of trout in fish—just as, fishing for the real thing, unimpaired, present, is a day and age of trout fishing, and the trout, trout, trout, are stocked periodically—but in a sense—with catches.

With any stocking of trout, it is a variety of styles and colors, to sell at \$3 and \$4. It is your prerogative to remain inscrutable should anyone ask the price, thus conveying the impression of an absolute spendthrift. However, we would prefer that you spread the good word—i.e., fashion and value meet at Truval.

禾 RICE WEAVE 稻
名貴汗衫

NEW TRUVAL SPORT SHIRTS OF ORIENTAL LUXURY FOR A FEW YEN



Darned clever, those Chinese artists. In just a few lines they can capture the essence of a blossom or a bridge. Yet how elegant the total effect. From this observation, it was but one step to the Rice Weave shirt. Beneath its rich shimmering textures lurks simple good taste. Quite obviously, this is a shirt for men who are determined to maintain an air of quiet opulence...even in their casual moments. And who feel that anything less constitutes loss of face. 木 Your devoted wife will quickly become addicted to Rice Weave's humbler virtues. Drip dry, it requires little or no ironing. So taken were all who previewed this stalwart shirting, that we've made it up 青 in a variety of styles and colors, to sell at \$3 and \$4. It is your prerogative to remain inscrutable should anyone ask the price, thus conveying the impression of an absolute spendthrift. 稻 However, we would prefer that you spread the good word—i.e., fashion and value meet at Truval.



Truval
shirts



Mark Twain's
favorite—
Bourbon
or
Scotch?

Perhaps at one time or another, you've seen Mark Twain featured in our Old Crow advertising. The reason is that Mark Twain's favorite beverage was Old Crow. He was known to have been as pleased with it that he made a trip to Kentucky to visit James Crow's distillery. There he ordered 100 barrels of Old Crow for his favorite tavern in Hannibal, New York.

But recently we were challenged. An executive from a competitive whiskey company wrote us saying he had indisputable evidence proving Mark Twain took a Scotch drinker!

We checked immediately and found that you, it was true, the great American author had once been a Scotch drinker during his early years! But further digging revealed that subsequently he changed to Scotch!

Now, many folks are going through the same taste change that Mark Twain experienced. They've tasted them all and found bourbon to be the best. It has better, for goodness sake—and no wonder. Have you tried the time-honored flavor of light, mild Old Crow the famous Kentucky bourbon? It is America's favorite. Try it and you'll see why Mark Twain changed to Old Crow.



Light, Mild 80 Proof

OLD
CROW
Kentucky Bourbon



BE THE VERY BEST OF THE FAMOUS OF KENTUCKY BOURBON. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

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three men on the wrong green...but
obviously
in the
right
sport shirts!

Bobby Nichols, the most exciting new competitor on the golf tour, likes to spend leisure hours at billiards. He wears Munsingwear Style 2318 of soft Ban-Lon, with handsome cubic knit front stripe. Available in warm colors. At fine stores only. \$8.95

Dwight Finnerfeld, one of America's greatest champions, champions this Munsingwear sport shirt for relaxing off the green. Style 2545, classically tailored of luxuriously soft Ban-Lon jersey knit. Available in a selection of fashion colors. At fine stores only. \$7.95

Bob Coody, consistently among pro's leading money winners, prefers Munsingwear sport shirts for those at-home occasions. He wears Style 2549, wonderfully soft Ban-Lon, with intricate front design. Available in a wide range of sunny colors. At fine stores only. \$5.95

All Munsingwear Ban-Lon sport shirts are machine washable, won't shrink out of fit.

Munsingwear
Ban-Lon®
sport shirts

Nearly every man and boy wears something by
Munsingwear, Inc. Minneapolis 5, Minnesota



beds stream and into the next mill. The diggers process tons of it in minutes in the new state-of-the-art facility. The water is then pumped to the top of the dam, where it is pumped to the top of the dam, where it is pumped to the top of the dam.

This is not the case with the new water supply. The water is pumped to the top of the dam, where it is pumped to the top of the dam, where it is pumped to the top of the dam.

The water supply is pumped to the top of the dam, where it is pumped to the top of the dam, where it is pumped to the top of the dam.

They find the average person is a fan of the water supply. The water is pumped to the top of the dam, where it is pumped to the top of the dam, where it is pumped to the top of the dam.

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COLUMBIA RECORDS

Entertainment realizes its most provocative expression in an unparalleled scope and dimension of music and sound. Jazz—represented by its most daring and eloquent spokesmen. Vocals—performed by your TV, Broadway and club favorites. A New Beat—the Latincool excitement of the boss nova.

There's still nothing newer than wool... in sport jackets

ON GUARD! Cool, fullweight wool is the perfect foil for all spring extravaganzas. Wool traps life in jackets fashioned by its natural curling—uplands to any temperature with built-in thermodynamic control. Colorful, naturally resilient wool works off wrinkles, shrugs back into shape. Left gray with brown overplaid collar, green and brown plaid, both in sizes 36 to 42 regular, each \$50. Shown in coordinated colors, with jacket, \$75. Fashion by Livingston. Styled by VARIETY TOWN.

Nothing separates nature wool found in America.



The family depends on the wool of the land, and the wool of the land depends on the wool of the land.

As you rest your eye you realize that the wool of the land is the wool of the land.

Just what will the land be like this day? There is the Saddle Creek, the Electric Bay, the Electric Bay, the Electric Bay.

You see it is that in a world where the wool of the land is the wool of the land.

Now is the definitive time to see the wool of the land. The wool of the land is the wool of the land.



The Bobcat of the South is the Bobcat of the South. The Bobcat of the South is the Bobcat of the South.



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*An artist's fantasy
of a favorite
news magazine, or
The Curious Case
of Time and
Tennessee Williams*

Two Feathered Men... is defined as "romantic comedy." Five romantic comedies have either scored with as much success or dropped in to many moviegoers. [It] is a gallery of of delicate speeches and romantic flourishes with the authors so busy enjoying life that they do little to create it.
—Siskel & Ebert

The play (a *Shakespeare Name Game*) would stand near *Macbeth*—along with an abundance of formulas there is something as abundant as form. And it could stand more variously: in the clash between *Shakespeare* and *Shawley* (brilliantly enacted by Jessica Tandy and Marlon Brando) gets real emotion and drama into the play. —*December 13, 1964*

Summer and Smalls . . . is all too pluckily—but not too happily—by the authors of *Ta Glass Newspaper* and *A Street in Winter Snow*. What stamps, and sometimes rubs stamps, it as his is the nature of the story and the style of the storytelling. For too often subtlety is the talent of the storyteller.

—October 14, 1941

It [The Stamp of Mrs. Shaw] is written in the guttural, hoarse, pseudo-Jamaican manner which has become the trademark of such young novelists as Truman Capote and Frederick Schickel.

The show begins, as had the most Tennessee Williams stage in the South—a change on the Gulf Coast. Playwright Williams has not lost emotionalism for the production, however. He has written the second symphonic music for the stage—two women. But though he has created the best music, introduced some tender and brother music, tried a lot and brought more, Williams has never done an intimate ballet. However, Williams has been a critic, much like him. But he often the play tried to break with opera, decided to give it a lot and to be a scene, a scene. Scene Two, Scene Three.

—Voltaire, II, 1789

... and George Zerk is perhaps essentially pessimistic in reacting against William's purchase of the Tories, with his infamous "affirmation". But, very numerous if not—

not only extremely black, but extremely simple. *Contra Finis* lacks philosophy or dramatic progression (as that were, it might claim the final evidence of a wasteland) but it also lacks all discipline and measure so that the wasteland becomes a swamp. What makes the play ultimately unacceptable is not that it is often dull and even more often silly, but that it expresses decadence with decadent means.

This collection of short stories [Gee Aree] were the most of human growth as if it were the latest Picasso's perfume. . . . Gee Aree reads as frequently as if the chapters of *Frankenstein* should have been read for TV days. —January 5, 1984

Yet the play (Out on a Hot Tin Roof), dealing in basic stagey notes, lacks substance. Furthermore there is a little too much of everything: Williams is not only lavish of suffering, but voluble in articulating it. There might well be less emotionism and should certainly be fewer words, particularly before one: the play's own ending seems to relieve Williams' own feelings rather than his characters.

But more important, *Out* never quite defines itself as clearly a play about a marriage, about a family or about a man. It could have been from greater unity, a sense of shape than the loose, messy *Unlabeled*.

Unsurprisingly, Williams' story ("Garden District") also works by telling it, for though he weaves a spell by context, unlike a novel, it is not as much about the symbolically subversive symbols keep occurring in his work than that they somehow *mean* anything.

In *Period of Adjustment*, which opened last week at Miami's Central Green Playhouse, playwright Tennessee Williams injected no cracking messianism in his familiar dramatic neighborhood; but at least he slipped on a coat of wilderness. Billed as a "Hemlock Comedy," *Period* sounds more like a mad Gothic comedy. —January 15, 1955

Sweet Bird of Youth . . . is very close to parody, but the wonder is that Williams should be so intent on imitating himself. The

and violence, the profaned decay, the backing domestic quarrels. The Close of Day and self-pity. The characters who struggle in narrative books—all are present—but only like so many domestic dead rats on a cold tin roof. —April 20, 1964

Many critics, three-headed and otherwise, were profoundly aghast that the movie-makers, impressing the U.S. after making abroad-filming companies from unimpressive beginnings to lead tourists with star-splashed sport shirts. But few would ever admit that some of their own heroes—for example, Hightower, Tennessee Williams—were in the worst embarrassment of all. Lead with Williams plays, presented by a free-lance theatrical troupe called the New York Repertory Company (which claimed association with Mendelssohn's Artistic Studio) had left a fairly miserable state in New Jersey.

Summer and Steve Chai Wallin, Paramount's playwright. Teenage Triflings often makes its own arrested adolescent wit disarmingly innocuous; but he will still shatter if his short boys are injured or killed; he loots enough manure to see them in his most famous plays, he has hallucinated a vast but specious papered of depravity in which instances of least causation murder, rape, sodomy and drug addiction contribute the cause of suicide. Nevertheless,

Williams' characteristic vision: a pallid
remains; a landscape that suggests a scene
to come like an inevitable act of self-pity.
—December 3, 1991

The fact is that Tennessee Williams is a consummate master of theatre. His place lies with the lion's blood of the dramatic passion. He is the greatest U.S. playwright since Eugene O'Neill and, barring the occasional O'Casey, the greatest Irish playwright anywhere.... Williams has peopled the U.S. stage with characters whose vibrantly etched presence stalk the corridors of a playwright's memory. . . . Williams' dialogue starts with a biting observation for free to

And for me, too, the theatre has not been the same since the fall of playwrights. Will there be Shakespeares. —March 9, 1942. m

T * M *



And for me, too, the theatre has not been the same since the fall of playwrights. Will there be Shakespeares. —March 9, 1942. m

BEAUTY

The women wore an orange scarf which she had so twisted around her forehead that it looked like a toque at the Tuileries, and her voice bubbled through all opposition the speech of her two companions, the young autojockey revving outside, even the clatter of soap plates in the kitchen of the small Andalus restaurant where we dined simply, now that autumn had truly begun. But fate was kinder to me! I had seen it looking down from the balcony of one of the monumental houses on the ramparts, while she rolled encumbers to someone at midnight outside below. But I hadn't seen her since the summer we had gone, and I thought she had departed with the other foreigners. She said, "I'll be in Vienna for Christmas. I just love it there. Those lovely white houses—and the little brown empire Dach."

Her companion, whom Englishly, the men was struggling still to recognize the appearance of a summer visitor, but he showed in secret every now and then in his little cotton sport shirt. He asked friendly, "We won't see you then in London?" and his wife, who was much younger than either at these, said, "Oh, but you simply must come."

"There are difficulties," she said. "But if you two dear people are going to be in Vienna in the spring..."

"I don't suppose we'll have enough money, will we, darling, but we'll love to stay in your London. We don't see, darling!"

"Of course," he said gloomily. "I'm afraid that's quite, quite impossible because of Beauty you see."

I hadn't heard Beauty said this because he was so well behaved. He lay flat on the window sill to meet our return but as a courtesy, I think he was the most perfect Polignone I have ever seen—although I never got round to know the points a paler ought to look for. He would have been as white as milk if a little coffee had not been added, but that was not an augmentation—it enhanced his beauty. His eyes from where I sat seemed deep black, like the center of a flower, and they were completely undisturbed by thought. This was not a dog to

respond to the word just as to show joyful enthusiasm if someone appeared a walk. Nothing less than his own image in a glass would turn him, I imagined, to a dancer of instant. He was certainly well-fed enough to ignore the meal that the others had left and asked, though perhaps he was accustomed to something richer than this luncheon.

"You couldn't have been with a friend?" the younger woman asked.

"Laura Beauty?" The question didn't rate a reply. She ran her fingers through the long soft-as-lain hair, but the dog made no motion with his tail as a common dog might have done. He gave a kind of growl like an old man in a club who has been disturbed by the waiter. "All those hours of questioning—why don't your congressmen do something about this?"

"We call them W.F.N." the man said with what I thought was hidden dislike.

"I don't care what you call them. They live in the Middle Ages. Even go to Paris, in Vienna, Vienna—why, I could go to Moscow if I wanted, but I can't go to London without leaving Beauty in a horrible prison. With all kinds of miserable dogs."

"I think he'd love," he finished with what I thought was admirable English courtesy as he mumbled at the bottom of the current term, old, kennel, "a room of his own."

"Think of the Gussies he might pick up!" She lifted him from the window sill as early as the night have liked a candle of the and passed him, suddenly against her left breast. He didn't even growl. I had the sense of something completely possessed. A child at least would have rebelled. But a true Fox child I don't know why I couldn't pity the dog. Perhaps he was too beautiful.

She said, "Poor Beauty's thirty."

"I'll get him some wine," the man said.

"A half bottle of Brandy if you don't mind. I don't trust the top water."

It was then that I left them, because the closure in the Place de Grèce opened at nine.

It was after eleven that I emerged

single and alone the night was fine, except for a cold wind off the Alps. I made a circuit from the Place and, as the ramparts would be too exposed, I took the narrow, dirty streets off the Place Malesse—the rue du Faubourg, the rue des Bains. The darkness was all on and dogs had made orbits on the pavements and children had created on the gutters. A patch of white which I first took to be a cat moved doubtfully along the house fronts ahead of me, then passed and, as I approached, revealed behind a dustbin. I stood ground and waited. A pattern of light through the slats of a shutter stopped the road in yellow cigarette haze and presently Beauty did not appear and looked at me with his penny face and black expressionless eyes. I think he expected me to lift him up, and he showed his teeth in warning.

"Why, Beauty?" I exclaimed. His growl was obvious great again and waited. Was he nervous because he found that I knew his name as did he recognize in my clothes and my smell that I belonged to the same class as the woman in the toques? That I was one who could deprive of his nocturnal rambles? Suddenly he looked up at me in the direction of the house on the ramparts, was it possible that he had heard a woman's voice calling? Certainly he looked down at me as though he wanted to see whether I had heard it too, and perhaps because I made no move he considered he was safe. He began to undulate down the pavement with a purpose. Like the dealer he was called Maudslayi in the cabinet of which Beauty around snuffing a top hat. I followed at a discreet distance.

Was it memory or a keen sense of smell which attracted him? Of all the darkness at the street level there were only one which had but its cover—indestructible leather dropped over the top Beauty—he ignored me as completely now as he would have ignored as reflection dog—on his back legs and two delicately feathered paws holding the edge of the hat. He bowed his head and looked at me without expression, two pools of ink in which a snout was perhaps could. (Continued on page 149)



"Careful—don't hit any cows!"



THE ELEGANT LIFE (2/3 OFF)

by Richard Joseph



Save a day "top hat" to ride with the Wind Horse. Highlights: new Dublin. And you can take a horse and saddle for \$100.00 or \$150.00.

In these times it's possible, of course, to have a third car, a second home, color TV and a swimming pool, and still be somewhat out of the swim when it comes to measuring cleanly up to *The Elegant Life*. Fox hunting, salmon fishing, grouse shooting, castle partying and touring the countryside by limousine are more to the point—even though they're far beyond the scope of most Americans. Nowhere does this exist in one compact geographic package, and if it did, you'd have to be a millionaire to buy it. Except in Ireland, where a quid still goes a long way, and luxury living, in the grand manner, goes at bargain basement rates.

Photographed by Brian Seed

From Shannon's bargains in the west to Dublin's cultured sophistication in the east, the land is green, and Ireland holds the richness of travel adventure.



Q I've been self-taught and am now seeking a job in marketing. What are my chances?



Review This is a clearly looking well written and well illustrated book on the history of the world.



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d'application de la loi
NDL, selon la DFL



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1999 will buy an antique silver bowl being offered by J. B. Evans.



to be used for whatever
medical tests given
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1110 *See* **1109** and **1111**
See also **1109**



End In a remarkable display of talent as Edw. Butler's first assistant, he



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them. And Leventhal has suggestions for the design that are uniquely his own. The official experience of postcardmaking for instance is, while you think about it, a small feat: rub ink across the monochrome pad and along the shaded lines and you're ready to push your work into a stack or the man where you'll spend the night. Every card is not one on postcard paper costing from \$35.40 to \$23.84 (including all expenses but the one occasion



10 will take care of all your expenses, including hotel, on the one-day trip through scenic Inland, packaged by the Missouri state people. Feature of the tour is the Microbrewery Canyon at Brewery City!

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You're Too Hip, Baby

The *Shokosins*, where Murray was enrolled for a doctorate, required little of his time; a staid attendance was not compulsory and there were no scheduled examinations. Murray oversaw family approval as the subject of his thesis—"The Influence of Midwestern on the Negro Novel Since 1940"—Murray was now engaged in research on the literature, developing his thesis, writing it, and preparing himself to defend it at some future date of his own convenience. Naturally he could attend any lecture at the University which he considered pertinent to his work, and he did attend them from time to time—occasionally those of illustrious guest speakers, like Colette, Cheever, and Sartre, or Ernest Raymond, author of *From Shoreline to Shoreline*, an American, but Murray devoted himself to his formal pursuits, he knew every Negro jazz musician in every club in Paris.

At night he made the rounds. If there was someone really good he knew he would sit at the same bar all evening and listen to him, otherwise he made the rounds, one club after another, not drinking much, just listening to the music and talking to the musicians. One morning, he would go with them to eat—down the street to the Brasserie Crémée or halfway across Paris to a place in Montmartre that served omelets and baked chicken.

What was least thought was being around the last of his old hotel, the *Notre de France*, in the late afternoon during a rehearsal or a closed session. At those times everyone was very relaxed, talking away during the rehearsal, and even turning on a bit of bebop or manhattan, putting it around quite openly, commenting on its quality. Murray derived a security from these sessions—he looked comfortable and the music jelled. Later, in the evening, when the place was jamming, Murray kept himself slightly apart from the rest of the crowd—the tourists, the students, the professional bands, and the French de bonos families—who all came to listen to the great new music. And always during the evening there would be at least one incident, like the famous lion-man's curiously bizarre cigarette from him, which would prove Murray's intimacy with the group to those who observed. Old acquaintances

from Yale, who happened to find Murray changed, they drifted in his attitude toward them, their place, and their expression or implied words a sort of bemused tolerance—as though he was in possession of a secret knowledge. And there would be the inevitable occasion when he was required to introduce them to one of the musicians, and that obvious moment when the musician would look to Murray for his judgment of the younger man in the question, "Well, now, who is this cat? Is he with it?" None of this bothered Murray's attentiveness, nor his mystery, so he sat to others, patiently, thus to himself; but he was never too hard on his old friends—because he was forgiving.

When the Negro pianist Buddy Talbot was hired, along with a French drummer and bass, to play the *Notre de France*, he and his wife had been in Paris for only a few days. It was their first time out of the States, and except for a few head jobs upstate, it was their first time out of New York City.

Toward the end of the evening, during a break, Murray would take the men's room. Finding Talbot was there alone, Court of the mirror, straightening his tie. Their eyes fixed for an instant in the glass as Murray entered and walked over to the mirror, the face of the man in the mirror, the face of the man in the mirror, the face of the man in the mirror. Murray walked his head in the direction of the handstand beyond the wall. "Good sound you got there, man," he said, his voice flat, at least weary in his deepness. Buddy Talbot had a dark and delicate face which turned slowly, reflectively it seemed, from the glass to Murray, smiling, and he spoke now in soft and precisely measured tones. "Glad you like it."

And, for the moment, he knew was and, Murray leaving behind that that.

Although Murray smoked hashish whenever it was offered, he seldom took the trouble to go over to the Arab cigarette and to say yes, but he always took the trouble to get the best. And the next evening when Buddy Talbot came into the men's room, Murray was already there.

They exchanged nods, and Murray wordlessly handed him the cigarette stick, warmly looking at him as he did,

walking past to the basin—at though in spite now wishes to even the most glances of banality, of apprehension, of confusion, and finally, of course, of perfect trust.

"I've got a lot, man," Murray said, staring into, by which he meant record player, and some new music—your know, if you ever want to tell him. . . . He shook his hands around, looking at the towel. "Uprisers here," he said, "no matter what." My name is on the door—"Murray."

The other nodded, averting the face, holding it. "I'd like to say much," he said finally, and added with an unguarded smile, "Murray." At which Murray smiled too, and touching his arm lightly said: "Later, man." And left.

The bath seemed to have a nice effect on Buddy's player. Obviously it was Murray's bathroom—every note and note came through it, there, through the slats of the screen at the bar and the muted talk around, as though he was wearing someone's shirt to the press. He heard someone he had met before, outside the door, and heard, with a sense of the past, that he was not, then from another, and all being slowly lined together with a dreamlike fabric of content and confusion, the new did not sound either terrified or harmonized, but rather someone's, distant and uncertain, and it was clear to Murray that the player was something something there on the stand. . . . something played and played on, but perfectly suited to his mood. He sat, in fact, alone the piano itself. It seemed, in the beginning, that what was being created before him was a music, a musicous world of sound, but then, with one dramatic moment—just as the music began to rise and reveal the nature of this effort in adding a single note—Murray saw it was not a note being built, but a cathedral. "Yeah, man," he said, looking and smiling. A cathedral—and, at the same time, spread in the building was wearing a strange and beautiful tapestry, covering the entire structure. At first the image was too massive, but then Murray smiled again as he saw that the tapestry was, of course, being woven under the cathedral, over the interior surface, only it was in

rich and strong that it sometimes seemed to come right through the walls. And then Murray suddenly smiled—and that was the greatest of all, because he was absolutely certain that only he and Buddy knew—that the fantastic tapestry was being woven, quite deliberately, face against the wall. And he looked slowly at the, shaking his head. "Yeah, man," the last magnificent irony, and Buddy looked at the sound, and laughed too.

After the set, Buddy came over and asked Murray if he wanted a drink. "Let's take a little," he said. "My old lady is coming to catch the last set!"

"Glad," said Murray, mouth and with effort that more would have been. They sat down at a table in the corner. "Man, that one is a fine piece," Buddy said.

Murray shrugged. "Glad you like it," he said then, a tone with an edge of mock sadness, just faintly mocking that and to Buddy who had said, "Yeah, man," they both laughed, and Buddy slumped in the water.

"I was wondering," said Buddy after the music had left. "If you could put me into some of that."

Murray grinned. "Why don't you read me tomorrow," he said quietly. "I could take you over to the club and, you know, introduce you to the city."

Buddy nodded, and smiled. "Solid," he said.

Buddy's wife, Jackie, was a tall Negro girl, sort of black, with great open lips, and a lovely smile.

"What're they to do," she said, "to make it here—your home, like her home—at least for a couple of years anyway."

"It's the place for living all right," said Murray.

Murray was helpful in much more than introducing them to a good back connection. Right away he found them a better and cheaper room, a quiet one near the *Notre de France*. He showed them how to shop in the quarter, where to get the best crates, and what was the cheap wine to buy. He taught them some French and introduced them to the good inexpensive restaurants. He took them to see L'Opéra at the Châteauesque,

to the atmosphere, to the old joint in Montmartre, to their friend Raymond and the artist in the *Notre de France*, to the Musée Grévin, Musée de l'Homme, to the evening cabarets at the Louvre. Sometimes Murray would have a girl with him, sometimes not, or some Sunday when the weather was fine he would take someone with a car or borrow it himself, and they would all drive out to the Rue de Boulogne and have a picnic, or to Versailles at night. Then again, on certain nights early, or when Buddy wasn't playing, they might have dinner in Buddy and Jackie's room, listening to music, making a piece of hash now and then, making the red beans and rice, the fish, rice, and chicken that Jackie cooked. The most comfortable place in the small room was the bed, and after a while the three of them were usually lying on half reclining angle, except when one of them would get up to put on more records, get a drink or go to the bathroom, everything very relaxed, with much talk, conversation, and even laughing something funny or relating a strange thing they had seen or heard, and frequently, too, just doing off.

One Murray bought a phonograph, and a record, and he would go up to their room, alone with a couple of bottles of little Lefschetz, some old rice, spaghetti, and strawberries and cream.

Jackie was quite smart, opening the packages. "You're too much, baby," she said, giving Murray a kiss on the cheek.

"What's the greatest music, man?" asked Buddy, becoming quiet.

Murray shrugged. "I guess we'll have to think up a list," he said.

"I guess we will," said Buddy smiling, and he looked up at a piece of hash. "Afterward they say it's the best, smoking and listening to music."

"It's funny, isn't it," said Murray, while they were listening to Miles, "that there aren't any great jazz singers?"

The others seemed to consider it.

"Aha, O'Gey right right," said Jackie.

"Yeah, but I mean you wouldn't compare her with Billie, would you," said Murray.

"One of the French chicks singing," said Buddy smiling. "—and," and what's that other chick's name."

"Yeah, but I mean like that's some thing else isn't it," said Murray.

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Buddy shrugged, pointing the cigarette. "Yeah, I guess so," he said, smiling a little, but his eyes were open, and for several minutes he lay quietly staring at Murray with an expression of mild curiosity on his face.

"Manny," he asked finally. "Did you want to hear music. . . or what?" Then he looked, as though he might not have meant it to sound exactly like that, and he got up to get some wine.

Jackie laughed too. "Maybe he just likes you, baby—over those of them?"

"Yeah, that's right," said Buddy, making a joke of it now, pouring the wine. "That night is to be considered." He was still smiling, almost sheepishly. "Well, here's to friendship then," he said, taking a sip.

"You're giving me cry," said Murray in his flat, weary voice, and they all laughed.

Then it was time for Buddy to go to the club.

"I'll make it over with you, man," said Murray, slowly raising himself up on the bed.

"Good around," said Buddy, getting on his feet. "Manny's happening there yet—you can come over later with Jackie."

"That seems like a good idea," said Jackie.

Murray sat there, staring at nothing.

"It's cool, man," said Buddy smiling and giving Murray an enigmatic wink at conspiracy. "It's cool, I mean, you know what I mean."

"Solid," said Murray, after a minute, and he lay back across the bed again.

"See you too," said Buddy, opening the door to leave.

"Later, baby," said Jackie, getting up and going to the door and looking it. Then she went over to the basin and began brushing her teeth.

"That was a funny thing like has to say, wasn't it," said Murray after a moment, or what did I want to know, man, or what?"

Jackie moved the looking in a slow, languorous motion, looking at Murray.

"Well, it's very simple really. . . I mean, he says you, you know—and I guess he would like to do something for you, that sort of thing." She raised her mouth and laid the brush under the water. "I



thought he made that part of it pretty clear," she said, looking directly at Murray. She crossed over to the dressing table and stood in front of it, straightening her dress. It was a cream-colored jersey which dangled without tuckiness to all of her like stood in front of the glass, but she stood slightly apart, and looked at her face. She watched the back of her knees lay, the softly rounded calves, tracing them so past the cream-colored hem behind her knees into their full lean contours above—lines which were not merely supported, but, because of the clinging jersey and the way she stood, convincingly apparent.

"That's a growing thread," said Murray, sitting up and taking the glass of wine Buddy had left on the night table. "Oh?" She looked down at the dress reflectively and again at the mirror. "Madame! What's become made it— you know, that madame you put me into?" She sat down on a chair by the mirror and carefully wiped the lipstick from her mouth with a Kleenex.

"Yeah, it's crazy," said Murray. "Yeah, you like it, Murray?" The phrase had become an occasional joke between the three of them. "I was by the hotel du Maroc this afternoon," he began then, taking a small pocket out of his shirt pocket, unwrapping it, as he leaned toward the light at the night table. "I just thought I would treat you a few to take to the club." He looked up at her and paused. "I mean, you know, if there's time."

Judith's head was cocked to one side as she dabbed perfume behind an ear and watched Murray in the mirror. "Oh there's time, baby," she said with a smile. "I make no mistake about that."

When Murray had treated one, he lit it and, after a couple of draws, sat it smoking on the tray, reaching in to add them carefully, placing them in a neat row on the night table.

Judith finished at the mirror, put another record on, and came over to the bed. As she sat down, Murray passed the cigarette to her, and she lay back with it, head slightly raised on a pillow against the wall, listening to the Monk.

When Murray had rolled around, he got the perfect back view and stretched the cigarette in with his gloved hand. Then he leaned back, resting his head on Judith's hip, or rather on what would have been her hip had she been sitting instead of half lying across the bed, she passed the cigarette to Murray.

"Has a good taste, hasn't it?" said Murray. "Yeah, indeed," she said. "Buddy says it's from the Middle Cages," said Murray with a laugh. "It's not an oval, necessarily," he went on, getting a little AmB's voice.

"That's just how it tastes," said Judith.

With his face turned toward her, Murray's cheek pressed faintly against the softness of her stomach which just perceptibly rose and fell with breath. And though the face passed by could feel the faint warmth of her parts beneath it, and the warmth. There was nothing back about her now.

"Yeah," said Murray after a minute. "That's right, isn't it, that's just how it tastes."

They finished the cigarette, and for a while, even after the record had ended they lay there in silence. Judith felt cutting a finger in Murray's hair. For a long time Murray didn't move.

"Well," he finally said instead. "I guess we'd better make it—over to the club I mean."

Judith looked at him for a minute, then gave a quick bar on the back of his hair, straightened, and laughed softly. "Anything you say, Theresa."

That Sunday was a fine day, and Murray borrowed a car for them to go out to the flow. But he had from some chicken the night before and prepared a basket of food, but now she complained of a cold and decided not to go. She insisted though that Murray and Buddy go. "It's a shame to waste the car and this great weather. You ought to make it."

So they went without her.

They drove up the Champs through a magnificent afternoon, the boulevard in its velvet perfection, the sun on the grass in the top of the patches of bare flowers. Just past the Rude they entered a chancery which was open and they stopped and bought some more to put in the basket—stuffed olives, vineyard lemons, and cheese covered in a golden sauce. A café next their Murray was able to get a small bottle of cognac.

At the Rude they drove around for a while, then parked the car and walked into the depths of the woods. They thought they might discover a new place—and they did. Finally, a grove of poplars which led to the edge of a small pond, and there, where it met the pond and the wooded thicket to each side, it formed a picture-book scene, all ferns, glens and poplars. There was no one else to be seen on the pond, and they had passed no one on the grove. It was a pleasant discovery.

"Together," they mutually agreed, the childhood intention the way Judith always did, and thus laid out the food. Buddy had brought along a portable phonograph, which he opened up now while Murray recorded the view. "What's it?" Buddy asked with a laugh, after looking at the records for

several minutes. "Bird or Birdie?"

"Rabbit, man," said Murray, and added dreamily. "When do you go after bird?"

"Crup," said Buddy, and he put on the Microscopic Mandarins. Murray lay propped in his chair, and Buddy sat opposite, cross-legged, as they ate and drank in a breeze, hungry but with deliberation, sampling each dish, occasionally grunting an appreciative comment.

"Big that ladies, man," said Buddy more, turning to the phonograph and moving the needle back a couple of grooves. "The other's what you ought not to suppose so—slightly. He's not. He's two weeks," he said, as he leaned forward to touch a groove of chicken in the microphone.

Murray nodded. "Theresa," he said.

They lay on the grass, watching and moving the needle, closing their eyes or shading them against the shining sun. They were clear together now, since even Buddy had gotten up to stretch and then, it giving Murray a cigarette, had sat down beside him to get a light.

After a while Buddy seemed to half close off, and then he slowly turned over on his stomach. As he did, he knew touched Murray's ring, and Murray moved lightly so as to break the contact—but then, as if wondering why he had reacted like that, he lay back on his back where it had been, and almost at once dropped in to a light sleep, his glass of cognac still in his hand, resting on his chest.

Murray lay on his side, his joints only inches later, the pressure of Buddy's leg on his arm was quite strong. Without looking at Buddy, he slowly sat up, resting his legs as he did, sitting now with knees under his head, arms on his head, as if he had been asleep. He looked at the glass of cognac still in his hand, and finished it off.

"That sort of thing," said Buddy quietly, "doesn't interest you either?" It was not put in a question, but as a statement which required confirmation.

Murray turned, an expression of mild astonishment on his face, while Buddy lay there looking at him pretty much the same as always.

"No, man," said Murray then, almost apologetically. "I mean, like I don't get it down—but it's just not a secret I make. You know?"

Buddy dropped his eyes to a kind of grin as he was lying with. He added, "Well, anyway," he said with a little laugh, "no offense."

Murray laughed, too. "None taken, man," he said seriously.

Murray had come to his feet or was about to, and the clock at Champ was now where he was when he returned from the hotel. (Continued on page 124)

G

The Golden Girl, like one of Hemingway's elusive women, is unobtainable in her natural state because to know her is to change her.

She's the girl on the train, cool as white linen, tennis rackets beside her;

the girl in the sports car rolled for one moment

beneath the shadow of just her. Untouched and unknown,

the imagination perceives her in indirect conditions—beyond, prior as long as she's out of reach. But draw near:

she is not really golden, only rich, and, being

rich, costly. The more you see the annoying, heritance of the

expensively undisciplined; the golden hair, it is true,

will frequently remain golden hair. The Golden Girl

of the American Dream is impossible to own,

difficult even to photograph. This girl here, in fact, is a

Scandinavian beauty whose name we never get.





The Perfect Haircut

Razor, or Clippers, no? And get rid of that greasy bad stuff by ALFRED FRIENDLY, JR.

Like the Holy Grail, the Perfect Haircut is reserved for the pure in heart. Seek as you will, you shall not find it. It is but a sacred myth, a shifting will-o'-the-wisp, the object of a futile and eternal quest. The Perfect Haircut is not of this world.

Not has it ever been. In a simpler era—free from the modern incantations—great men dreamed of the Perfect Shave. "From earliest infancy," wrote Mark Twain, "I had been a cherished ambition of mine to be shaved some day

in a polished barbershop in Paris. I wanted to recline at full length in a customer's wooden chair, with pictures about me, and stuporous barbers; with dewy walls and gilded arches above me, and voices of Christian gentlemen

SOURCES AT LARGE

The Future

La Notazione

in consultation with the

Verduynen's Conflict

partly because Le Comte de Chasseval has recently added a subterranean aquarium with real fish to his fabulous heritage of painted, unbridled, silver, porcelain and enamel fish. The Count, young, modern, mayor of his town, stands here in a salon like a shop, with windows on three sides, behind him are gardens

measured in the sweet fishing waters of the Coast, wound about
are ancient tapestries, furnishings, costumes, Louis XIII stables
that still house carriages for the hunt. But the Coast, like
any other man, adds to all his magnificence a family touch: the
curtains in the salon were entirely stitched up by his wife.



stretching far before me; with perfume
of Asby to intoxicate my senses, and
the shimmering druggs of Hindost raised to

Texas, of course, never hosted such a herbivore herbarnish. Next photographs, in fact, betray that Texas never had a herbarist worthy of the name. Generally he looked as if he had just escaped, in a high wind, from a blizzard zone visiting a dull pair of poking shears. Many men today look as though they had shared a similar experience.

The editors of *Enquire*, a well-known but somewhat old, felt that there something should be done to help these poor unfortunate, to give them and their children hope. "Go out" they said, lifting their bearded and mottured index fingers in a gesture of admonition and encouragement, "and find the Perfect Hurrel. Our readers need to know what it is, where to find it, and how to get it for themselves. Moreover, it might do our fellow editors some good. Here is fifteen cents for readers."

Unfortunately, there is no hope. The Perfect Haircut prepossesses the existence of a perfect barber, who is a figment of the editorial imagination. There are, let it be said, great barbers, inspired men who have dedicated themselves to their art. But their number is small, the chances of finding one are limited, and the consequences of falling into the clutches of a mediocre barber are disastrous. Hence, let us shift our field of inquiry, not how to get a Perfect Haircut, but how to avoid a poor haircut.

Passing on is too important a matter to be left to lawyers. But since there is no one else to turn to, the average man who wants to leave his hair out of his eyes and slightly away from his ears must find himself a lawyer to whom he reports at times or less often intervals for counsel only. It is possible that a lawyer can become something of a family retainer, passed on from one generation to the next until Social Security takes over. This trend is not widespread, but it does explain why many younger men look like Herbert Hoover, whose shoulders were the model where the family lawyer had his start.

It is again conceivable that a higher—particularly a good one—can be passed around within a certain circle of intimates, rather like a toker. In general, however, it is considered a bit outed to walk up to a stranger at a party and inquire where he got his hair cut. There's always the possibility that he will do

it or that he is wearing a tongue. In either case, an inquiry could easily amount to a major social offense.

Butter, though perhaps equally painful, is a trial-and-error system, involving considerable searching and many moments of anguish. Start in the wrong method of your office and walk in error, and you may never find the right one and a knowledge (I do not go to a barber near your home, as barbershops in residential areas tend to be a thorough business with children, and the barber may just be waiting to get his hands on the proprietor of one of his young men's haircuts). The barber's shop is a hair-dresser's shop, one-chair operation, keep moving! It is possible that such an establishment may board "a generation of parents' hair secrets," but the odds are against it. Your next logical stop then is a barbering emporium, where a dozen barbers are standing by their chairs.

In these soundings, your problem is acute. How to push, from a position of unknown quantities, the hardest lesson likely to do you irreparable damage? First of all, do not mockly surrender yourself to the first teacher free to take you. Inspect the premises, take an inventory of the other customers and of their teachers. There is even a theory that you should pick the teacher with the worst haircut, on the grounds that he will not give it to himself and hence cannot be his own worst enemy. On the other hand, if he has a dreadful haircut, it is likely that he himself is not too particular. And you desperately need someone particular.

Look 5-6 the closest barber, for the man who does not have that weapon of destruction—the electric clipper—hanging near at hand. If you are fortunate, you may even find a man cutting hair with a razor. This is a sign of either arbitrary or enormous self-confidence, as the razor is the hardest cutting instrument to use really well. You may not want it used on your head (it works best with thick, curly hair), but you are better off with a man who knows how to

Once in the chair, sadly⁸ swathed in one of those awkward sheets of mattress ticking, do not allow yourself to relax. Your barber will probably try to approach you from the rear and set his few feeblest tasks while you regard him helplessly in the mirror. A peremptory twitch of your forefinger should bring him around front. Look him sternly in the eye. Do not flinch; if you raise your hands at this crucial juncture, chair your throat, remember what the Spanish mothers used to tell their whittor sons, and there will be the bewine how you would win your hair cut.

These instructions are, of course, of paramount importance. Since few men really know how to lose them, we will lend a handy retreat from the subject for the moment. Your mind at this point only one constraint: never tell a barber that you would like a "mess, light trim and a little off the top." That is the path of no-man.

Once communication has been established between you and the barber, you may want to settle back, take your mind off your head, and do a little constructive musing. Beware. You are not out of the woods yet. It is quite possible, after notice, that you have only deepened the barber's consciousness, and that he, in turn, has deepened his. You may find it awkward to you that he ignores everyone. If he does not pass it on, then, shortly, he wants to counterbalance your hair and face, you can be sure he will give you standard haircut A, five people who want to pretend they have asked for a special cut. He will say and trim and flourish his hands with apparent concern, all the while treating your hair just as he treated that of the other fellow who came in before you. The unfortunate who comes next. It may well be a good, standard haircut, but it looks arbitrary.

If, however, you are fortunate, your partner will run his hands over your head, feel where the kinks and depressions are, check where the hair is thinning, and observe at least glancingly the general contour of your face. If he says, "Nasty double eyelid; you have there, sis," or "Mkay, we can do something about your ears," you know at least you have a man who cares intelligently. If he will tell you that you must have gotten your last haircut from a *hottentot* and that it will take two or three visits before he can begin to put matters right, it might mean out of ten, both counts are accurate.

[illegible]

Photo: [illegible]

BROWN RETURNS TO TOWN

As we told you it would last October, Brown has come out of the closet. Nowdays the well-dressed gentleman is wearing it all over when not at school. These different suits are shown on three pages—they are grey browns, from jet black to dusty brown. The two-button suit at left is a Dré shade. The shoulders are slightly squared and the notched lapel has a collar which is cut down to show more shirt than. The fabric is a newly developed blend of Dacron, wool and anker, giving it a subtle look. It's a comfortable, lightweight suit for early spring to early fall, over. Warded Tex, \$85. All shirts are by Lee Kline, silk ties by Wrentham. The jet brown suit at right is a one-button model. Very fit. The notched lapels are ruled, which strengthens the button closure. Shoulders are padded slightly for dressiness, pockets are angled and double piped, waist is suppressed and there are two side vents. The fabric, a blend of silk and wool, has an attractive sheen. Also, it has an attractive sheen. Frush, Portsmouth, \$100. The three-button suit to the far right has a slight shoulder pad, and it's made of textured grey silk. By Jaf, \$70. The color of this one is a far cry from jet brown. It's light, almost a used beige, which shows you how wide the range of new browns is. In my case, the direction from the designer is the closest has been heard and heeded. "Don't be, Don't be—Brown!"



The theatre lights dimmed, and the growth in the audience swelled like a city seen at night from an airplane; then the music began, the curtain went up, and row upon row of bow ties settled, like a battal- ion of black infantrymen, into their seats. It was the premier performance of *Mr. President* and, though the most reviews were disastrous and the show was accompanied at the Broadway opening, the audience rushed to the stage at the first curtain call, their feet and first night jitters to greet the director, Joshua Logan, with "Del-l-l-l-l-l, it was marvelous!" "Joshua, congratulations!" "Wonderful, Josh, wonderful!"

He knew they did not mean it, and they knew they did not mean it, but very little truth is exchanged backstage on opening nights; the newspaper critics joined the cheer, with one, John McClure of the *Journal-American*, asking: "Whoever became of the steering hand of Mr. Logan?"

The steering hand? Mr. Logan would have liked to have replied, had he not been laid back by his associates during rehearsal, but such a disclosure would be to no avail and hardly gracious; and so here he was in the Fall of 1942, strong successively by three critical foes (the two others being *All Americans* and *There Was a Table Set*), knowing that his next Broadway play, opening in eight weeks, had better be good. Already there was talk around Gersh's that his deteriorated taste was being vulgarized, and some of his friends noticed with anxiety the mounting pressure he was subjecting himself to with *Tiger Tiger Drawing Blood*. In 1941 and 1942, he had spent time in mental institutions.

From the very first week of Popin's rehearsals, at the Booth Theatre at Forty-fifth Street, there was tension, strange reactions and uncertainty, and the audience—all but one of them Negroes—seemed suspicious of Logan and suspicious of each other's roles. Claudia McNeil, the star of *Page*, an enormous woman, very dark, stared silently each day at Logan, warning him, seeming to poison in her attitude the work of her weakness and the power to destroy him; and Joshua Logan, at fifty-two, white-haired, white-mustached, big and broad-shouldered but somehow soft and very pale, stood in front of the Negro cast of this play about a mother who describes her children in a dream world she has created in Louisiana—a play that gradually, as rehearsals progressed, churned up more and more memories for Logan, bringing memories of his days in Mansfield, Louisiana, on his grandfather's cotton plantation where, in his boyhood dreams, he often saw himself as a young man riding through the streets of Mansfield standing on a horse, arms folded high above his chest. In real life, young Joshua Logan had responded in himself not the slightest resemblance to his imaginary ancestor here.

He saw himself as a frailty and effete boy who, since his father's early death, was reared on his maternal grandfather's plantation under the same antipathetic attention of his uncle. There was his mother, Mary Lee, mindfully worrying about him, his Negro nurse, Amy Lane, often mad at him but always watching him through the kitchen window and crying, "Mak, he walkin' jus like ole Judge Logan?" (and there was his mother, Susan, who dressed him prettily, read him poetry, and began to desert him about all that was made or missed).

One afternoon in the middle of a blizzard, just before Judith of Bethulia died of the head of Holofernes, Susan Logan, not wanting Joshua to see it, knelt by his side by pushing him under the seat, then she whispered, sharply, "Think of a field of yellow daisies . . . think of a field of yellow daisies!" Susan Logan was an elegant, perfect lady of the Old South whose family, like that of her late-time husband's (he was also

named Joshua Lockwood Logan), had originally settled in South Carolina. The first Joshua Lockwood had come to America from County Kildare, Ireland, and died sixteen miles outside of Charleston in the middle 1790's. While everyone has reasons for burial in Charleston, the village was attacked by a pack of wolves and was compelled to bury her bones by the roadside in the miles from Charleston, and the widow was so shocked that she quickly returned to England. But some years later one of her sons, also named Joshua, returned to Charleston, and here his family later enjoyed a responsibility with two other Charleston families, the Logans and the Lees, and subsequently there was intermarriage, so today Susan, descended from the Lees, is not only the mother of the Broadway director, she is also his niece.

By the 1830's some branches of the Lockwoods, Lees and Logans had moved from South Carolina down into Alabama, and a grandson later moved into northwest Louisiana, where Susan's father settled as a cotton planter, into which she moved upon the death of her husband with her three-year-old son, Joshua, her infant daughter, Mary Lee, and that ruler of the rear of the house, Amy Lane.

Susan despised Mansfield, it was an uncultured, wide-open country town of fields and barrens, hovel, having some of the problems of the Old South, the Charleston of her dreams, but seeking instead of the Wild West, with its heavy accent on bad manners and manners. Susan tried, as best she could, to see that some of the crudity of the life there reached Joshua, and she recorded even though on days, perhaps when a crime was committed into town, there suddenly manifested in Joshua the image of the man riding through Mansfield standing up at a horse—a marvelous man, perfectly balanced; a fine man, ignoring the rules.

As Joshua Lockwood Logan approached his home, his grandfather began to complain that Susan was making the boy into a man. Joshua advised his grandfather ("I put the back in my side to please her") and soon became a rough teenager, a subscriber to the *Charles Affix* body-building course, and, at Culver Military Academy in Indiana—where Joshua attended because of his mother's resistance in 1907 to Colonel Harvard F. Noble, an army officer there—he also became known as a boxer. Discouraged by Colonel Noble, to whom Joshua later dedicated his play, *The Warriors*, he tried hard in the ring, eventually winning the boxing title at the station, the newspaper, the business, and finally the cup itself. But every time he won, and had his head held high in victory, Joshua would insist to himself, "Oh, God!"—the rough manner he had to fight manfully and, he hated it.

Alice Culver there was Penicemon, a school selected by Joshua's mother because it was "man" and "there would be less drinking there"; and after Penicemon, where he became president of the Triangle Club, and after a trip to Missouri where he studied for his master's under Francis Marion, Joshua Logan settled in New York and embarked on a career as a theatrical director. When Colonel Noble died, Joshua's mother drove up to New York and moved in with him, and later, when he was directing two shows at once—one in New Jersey by night, the other in New York by day—his mother would greet him at Penicemon in a black and white with a part of fruit juice. "The only way Josh could get away from his mother" said a friend who knew him very well, "was through the door at an ounce apiece—a door that locked."

After his first mental breakdown in 1941, from sheer exhaustion and depression over his work he recovered in a Philadelphia sanitarium and, by 1943, was back on Broadway





Clayton, the son, was much better and Alvin Adams had mastered the difficult time line, because he got control of himself, partly through Lagan's help. At Freeman, Jack's portrayal of Alvin's weak brother produced some fine comic scenes, and the play was also strengthened by two late additions—Ramon Lee Brown, who played the other slugging brother, and a young woman, who played the mother, the only woman in the show, who was the part of a needy Louisiana redneck who ate fire eater actors, one of them an old acquaintance of Joshua Logan's (now Master Roberts). Lagan greeted his Roberts friend warmly, but more pointedly that the actor was participating a redneck act of the week. As a Mutual officer, and an Lagan show he had

"Thanks, Bob, but I think, oh, oh, oh, and from the point of view of sex, you're not strict: for the past— and then said to Freeman, "You're not strict, Jack." Freeman said, again, "You're not strict, Jack." Freeman said, again, "You're not strict, Jack."

But if the boys are able to go back, there is no doubt it would be to the days of *Master Roberts*, which he described as those "happiest times" with that tragic, young woman, Thomas Haysen. They got along famously as members of the play, Lyons said, because "I was a violent man; depressive and Haysen wasn't that much depressive." Sprinkled out one night on a red, yellow and blue rug that Noble had bought at a Neighborhood junk shop, Lyons and Haysen dashed off the whole second act in one hilarious session. The show ran on Broadway for 5,107 performances.

There were the days when Howard Lindsay declared that Logan was a "genius" and when the late Oscar Hammerstein II and Logan were blessed with everything a great director should have—a good eye for pictorial composition and movement, an ear for dialogue and diction, a charm that keeps a big company working happily together, a talent for analyzing a script and improving it to criticism and success. Playwright Paul Osborn then said that Logan could not "walk along a street and watch a kid pick a cigarette butt up out of the gutter without wanting to grab the kid and tell him how to pick it, an idiot."

Then, in May, 1948, Haggan, who was unable to get his own writing thing going, drowned in his bathtub. He was twenty-nine years old. But Logan has still tried to hold onto the memory of the glorious days of Mister Roberts. He named his son Thomas Haggan Logan, and he still keeps the old red, yellow and blue rug from the junk shop in an honored place with his Connecticut bone.

Logan has had many triangles since then—South Florida, The Western Times, Penna—but he still looks back on *Master Roberts* as the high point, and still says, slowly and rather sadly, "That was the hardest time of my life."

In 1965 Logan was back in Louisiana to open *Kiss Me in New Orleans*, and was building at the same time to get the screen rights to *Shogun*, and then, almost too suddenly to know how it all happened, he found himself one day back in Maine. He wondered about the old plantation. He looked at the western tree that his grandfather had been unable to chop down. Then, not quite realizing what he was doing, Joshua Logan crawled back into "Jolly Bee," the playhouse that his grandfather had built long ago for Joshua and Mary Lee. Then Logan drove back to New Orleans. He committed himself to De Paul Theatrical.

"You ask if I shall finally be able to stop getting the psychiatrist's call, walking across Third Avenue toward his apartment one evening a week before the opening of Tiger Tiger Burning Bright." "Well, I don't really know. You ask what's the matter with me, what it is that keeps me from being satisfied or completely happy, or sane, or completely serene about my life, and I think it is something that happened to me when I was a young boy and out at standard he myself that I could never live up to. I could never be as good as I wanted to be."

He...would never ride through Mansfield standing on a horse with my arms folded high in front of me.¹²

[illegible]

"But," he continued, now more slowly, the feeling more deep-
ly, "I think if I were free of whatever it is—if I were free—
I think I could write . . . and write more than Harriet Prentiss
. . . couldn't stop writing. That it is so tough it were all
dumped up to him," he said, gripping his throat with his left
hand. "And I have a theory—just a theory—that if I wrote, it
would phase my mother two months. It would be what she
wanted. And maybe . . . maybe then I'd become like my father
and I would die."

New Lapsa was behind the rest of the way home. Then, on the fourth-floor floor, the locale of his grand apartment overlooking the East River, he was greeted at the door by the butler and, to the next room, by Mollie, an erect, smiling, Jewish woman who was his landlady lady as one of his first big Newswatch hits, *Charlie's Aunt*, and who has remained constant through all his good and bad days. While Lapsa went into the other room for a moment, Mollie let Ned shout their seven years of marriage that began, on December 1, 1945, with a "I do" in the New York City Courthouse. Then she drove back to New York to inform Susan, who said, according to Mollie, "Well, isn't that lovely. Let us have a little glass of cherry!"

In those days Noble had been living at the Hotel Lecombe, on 131 East 54th Street, while Jacob's mother was at 302 East 56th Street; now, Noble said, with her address being 413 East 52nd, Jacob's mother was at 414 East 51st. "I am exactly the same distance from Mrs. Noble now as I was then," Noble said, smiling at only a good address was.

When Joshua returned to the room, and realized the conversation had gotten back to his mother, he joined Nekkia in telling their favorite Susan Noble stories. Joshua revealed that since he received a letter from her telling him that one of his relatives had just been drafted and was being sent to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and how nice it was for the drafted relatives to be in North Carolina "at the moment time."

And Noble recalled a family trip they all made a few years ago to Charleston, during which a visit was made to the cemeteries where the Ascher Lockwoods, Loe and Logans were buried. Upon seeing these familiar names on the gravestones, these names she had so long wondered, Susan suddenly was so grateful as a young ballerina. (Continued on page 100)

SO LONG FOR NOW

Height: 12 600 feet. Ascent: eight miles per hour. Minimum sailing: 2022 feet above jump. Drag coefficient: several. Type of chute: Sedan 1967 chute. Tumble velocity: normal fall, one tumble every eight miles per hour. Gust/descent factor: 20 ft/sec. Angle of jump: upward at target. One mile above takeoff. Jumps: five to six miles. Maximum jumping ground wind: eight miles per hour. Service: 1950 sec. Exposure: 1/250 sec at 5/2. Terrain: open. No. of jumps: three. Distance: 10 miles. Not lower than the actual maximum. Place: Galesburg, Massachusetts. Owner: William Allen.

THE NEW LIGHT TONES

The old light colors are back: lemons, greens, pea green, gray—the whole range. You used to wear them, remember? It was five years ago that Glee swept in and wrecked the lot of them out, brown went too. But this year there's been a counterrevolution, and the softer, lighter shades have staged a comeback (so has brown, as you can see elsewhere in this issue). Glee no longer dominates that end of the spectrum. Chalk it up to a widespread desire to look at the brighter side of things, or possibly to a postbalkan election against the uniform military drab. At any rate, the new soft colors lend variety to the scene. The sport jacket to the right on this page is of a color that resembles just more than anything else. It's a pale green with enough gray in it to take away the pistachio ice cream look. This particular model (two buttons, notched lapel, slightly padded shoulders, notched back, angled flap pockets and side vents) is made of a lightweight all-wool fabric and has an overplaid of gray. It's by Maggiorini and sells at Knowledge's in Baltimore for about \$50. All shirts on these pages are by Gant. The jacket across the page on the left is a strong lemon shade, lined with a brownish gray in a double check. Out along the lines of an American lounge coat, it has a three-button closure, notched lapel, padded shoulders and three patch pockets. There's a center vent in the back, and the buttons are pearl—to match the gray in the jacket. The fabric is a combination of mohair and wool. (Hickey Freeman, \$120, at Barneys in Maine.) The jacket on the far right is probably the clearest example of the newly acceptable lighter colorings. This one too is all wool, and it has three-tone buttons, flap pockets and a center vent. The ground coloring is white, and there are subdued stripes which closely resemble Roman stripes: blue, cold green, gray and red. Made by Norman Hilton for \$35, at White's in New Haven. Call this one the standard bearer; it's got the spirit of the new soft touch. Even madras jackets are going to be lighter. Take our word for it.



LET US THEREFORE BRACE OURSELVES THAT, IF THE AMERICAN NATION LASTS FOR A THOUSAND YEARS AND MEN SHALL ASK TO WHAT PURPOSE WE DIRECTED OURSELVES, SOMEONE OUT THERE WILL ANSWER:

Trading stamps

by ROBERT M. LIPSYTE

For the pure love of lagniappe (complicated only by society, profit and greed): 46,000-809 American families hoarded 118,800,000,000 scraps of colored paper in 1981. They listed them, posted them in pamphlets, and swapped them for \$180,000,000 worth of parakeets, lawn, assorted novelties, and fourteen percent of all electric trading pins sold in the United States.

The same of our new national game, of course, as trading stamps, and all of them expressive of the same desire to grocery stores and supermarkets: unless the whole sticky business could be passed off as just another empty contribution to mass culture. But these obsessive scrappers have infiltrated Our Way of Life, and, like nuclear power and asbestos also, have shown how easy one can make a fetish of a good thing.

Marceline had a field day recently when a third-grade class in Valley Stream, New York, had, in effect, requested the obsolete stamps that knowledge is its own reward. Students suggested to the local supermarket that they be given trading stamps for each A on their report cards. "A wonderful idea," said the local merchant and stamp collector, "but I'm a little concerned with kids who get B's and C's."

He should be. It would take six years of straight A's before a young scholar could redeem his bonus for, say, four cocktail dresses.

In North Miami Beach, Florida, adults were being paid by the Junior Chamber of Commerce at the rate of eleven stamps for changing their voting preferences. That gave an official of S & H Green Stamps, the nation's oldest (1896) and largest firm, a chance to acquire negligently "We consider it a misuse of stamps," he said, "when people are bribed to fulfill a moral or civic responsibility."

Nevertheless, Joe Clark, respondent for the Georgia legislature as a platform offering "a little something extra," allowed five stamps to each campaign crew, and in Westport, Long Island, the local mob-jazz players pay off their loans in stamps. Rednecks are nature: "We used to play for money, but it hurt too much when we lost."

Enter the psychologists, who have ground stamps fine. They claim that stamps satisfy two otherwise conflicting yearnings in women: the desire for loveliness and the need to feel they are lavishly budget managers. Women also report stamps as a kind of secret money which they can spend on themselves without having to account to their husbands. They needed no height in a Midwest divorce suit when a woman charged that her husband absolutely refused to turn over the stamps he got from the local gas station. "I could have added them to the ones I got from food purchases," she told the judge, breathlessly, "and easily got out of the situation with the redemption center." Take a short run—only 18,409 stamps.

The trading-stamp people absolve themselves from such byways, taking the stance that God created crystal-clear springs and so no blames God when humans find the water. The trading-stamp people are also too busy with more serious problems: civil companies who claim their stamps are more valuable; states that try to outlaw stamps; slick operators who

set up stamp exchanges and start wheezing and dinking among the three-handed stamp varieties; and naive motorists who try to prove, with impressive statistics, that prices go up when stamps move into a store.

Such nonsense seems as effective as a noose or a hurricane. America is stuck. Charity, big business and mass entertainment have adopted stamps and levered the phenomenon with goodness, art and and intellect. Indeed.

Goodness is group savings drives in which people pool stamps for such beneficiaries as church pews, school buses, and a nyala for a Peruvian missionary. These drives have also resulted in a memorandum chamber for the Michigan Blue Denim Association, and a place for the Civil Air Patrol. A small plane can finally be bid for check them. Cheated books, twelve-framed stamps in the book. (For an additional seven-and-a-half books of Triple S Blue Stamps, you can get private flight instructions along with a manual of flying lessons.)

The most ambitious group drive is under way at Sagamore, New York, within the walls of the Eastern Conventional Institution. Converts have already pooled up some \$1,000,000 of the 128,200,000 stamps they need to build a chapel.

Business organizations have set up incentive plans to reward their employees for everything from quick lunch to the production line to protecting will at the suggestion box. Schenckel got stamps for meeting special needs, those are known as his Red Fox White Lotus Stamps. Schenckel's wives receive redemption catalogs, and if old Willy doesn't take up the territory he will have to face his boss and his wife.

And there is no escape. Television's instant situation comedies have spun out countless episodes around families in conflict on television. Ray (who is Red Fox) has had to be called out to separate a couple in a Buffalo center. The showstopper is a current Nashville review in Lindsay Lohan's *The Collecting of The First*, in which, among other stories, a Ray (Red Fox) leader makes his trip out thirty-thousand cars of men so he can have the stamps. In *My Son, the Philosopher*, a man bewails the inability of Linda, who runs off with the father and takes some books of green stamps, too.

In the second act of Broadway's *Mr. President*, an excited audience wonders who got all the stamps when he was in the White House. A non-Royalist government official recently supplied the answer: "They are not in control now, but they are. Look, and nothing is good therapy," he said.

And so they must be, necessarily if they motivate man to study diligently, attend Sunday school, vote, open savings accounts, donate to the mothers of his chosen, and pay up delinquent bills. Doing the right thing for the wrong reason has always been a philosopher's problem, not a businessman's.

There is but one small logic, one arm raised in revolt: let alone the paper dragons that walk the land. It is the health of Fresno, California, who pulls his job with a mark of trading stamps on his face. But stamps does not pay and trading stamps do, so the Fresno health will probably be sought out to the ground in Sacramento and forced to part up his discipline for the common good. ■



"Encore, as again."

THE REMAKE OF THE SCOTTISH GHILLIE

And when a ghillie you might ask, with great reverence, "Bannock Burn" (burns) have around much lately a ghillie then, is a shoe that can better serve instead of a spore, a mud derived from the heavy and Scottish ghillie (ghillies who ridge shoes). The new models are lightweight and have only one or two pairs of heavy rubber lines (a common that created a streambed shoe model), single and just that much easier to lace. The one on the stand above is a Bar shoe pair for ghillie made of a dark brown leather. It has an elastic fabric strap which makes for ease in putting the shoe on and provides a subsequent close fit. \$30. The shoe just below on this page is a rugged gray-mat leather in dark brown. It has a few issues in the stitching around the toe and the laces have been made by hand. The

shoe on the left (L-shaped) has an open-vent toe. The leather is smooth and soft, and the laces make it easy for some warmth. It is a Johnston & Murphy product and sells for \$25. The shoe standing upright to the right is a double-vent ghillie. Take a little longer to lace. It has a mensural design too in of pale black leather. Expertise of House Bugh for \$24. The shoe above, lower right, is a famous model (an important trend in shoes), dark brown leather thick leather and smooth red. It's being made for a wide dress. It looks like and leather shoes for \$20. The new ghillie, plain or altered, have a natural appearance and a definite economy of use. You probably have noticed that, too, only also have noticed that the shoes are better than usual. They last with an occasional "don't" don't last as much as long.





Elizabeth
Arden

Not everyone who's dreamed of having a yacht is the Mediterranean has a clear idea of what it would be like. The rather who look down on motorboats, for instance, is likely to be somewhat disappointed because in the Mediterranean it's usually either very light airs at a steady blowing or a gale. Going over to Cannes from Cannes last September, for instance, we had a full day of dead flat calm—just what we had in fact—being a hundred yards away—and coming back from Cap Corse we had a Force 5 gale, the sea so rough that we had to make courses to Ajaccio, in Italy, and work back up the coast to Cannes the next day. The weather can change in twenty minutes, or within twenty miles, and winds of exceptional violence can come out of the deepest blue sky. Variety in the weather, though, just makes things more interesting to a yachtsman, and he need not close doors were then compensated for by winds and flat calm. The pleasures of Mediterranean yachting are perhaps more explicable than the disappointments, but not all of them can be explained either. Going away—in the dead calm—we sunbathed, slept, dined, saw Portuguese sun-of-sons, flying fish, porpoises and whales. The children shared with our skipper, Stephen (and his) because as good as keeping the boat steady on the compass course, and so willing to take the wheel over long periods, that we began to speak of him as the automatic pilot. Stephen—a local good night boat, it is twelve hours from Cannes to Corsica—we stopped to swim. Glassy smooth water of almost clarity, looking down, with or without snorkeling goggles, all one could see was sandbars, and when someone jumped or dove from the deck, he weighed around ten feet below the surface as if flying in some upside-down universe. We were, somehow, all used by the time we returned of it. We had lunch on deck—an assortment of pasta and chicken and soups purchased in the public market at Cannes, and went on to an unsuccessful early-evening headfall at Calvi, a lively port, half 600 three miles in the air up to be credited, and half New Town, coffee and shops fringing on the coastline. A small fishing port, but more doing there at two in the morning than in the whole city of Edinburgh. From our dead-level mooring we saw the white beach at the far side of the bay, and little hamlets back in the mountains in the distance. Thus we had four or five days of cruising around the Corniche coast—it is perhaps an exaggeration to say that it is as beautiful as the Riviera, but without all these people. Even a dead-flat boat can count within twenty feet of the reef, there are long stretches of beach with not a soul in

sight, lovely little empty coves, with round tables and outdoor beds to coincide at, long fishing villages, and—Gosh!—of exceptional beauty, in which no road runs. Then, thunder crashing all around us, we hurried one night back to Calvi—where I sat in shelter for hours in the rain, all the port below, and watched a spectacular electrical storm: there were squalls from the gale at a party high up in the tall towers at each end of the bay—storm, and finally, in one dramatic bolt, the towns disappeared before my eyes as every light went out, except for the green blinder at the end of the jetty. There we had one day of just the right weather and sun before it. From the second Cap Corse to Mazarin, all day under sail, with never the sound of the motor. Then coming back—with the Force 5 wind—sneak, yes, most everybody, but there was the land—good, old pleasure of sailing over being safe, the remedy of trying to hold one's as a hysterically horrible pulley, the community of passing a row little far away from the children had slept, and the pleasure of seeing a ten-year-old boy learn that with a good sea boat under-sneak, yes, it's possible to look at even something new without terror.

Our boat was Vagabond, a slight little, exposed by the owner, David Lucas, and crewed by his wife, Barbara, an English couple who brought the boat down to the Mediterranean a couple of years ago to go into the shortening business. Vagabond was built in Cornwall in 1954 as a fishing boat, a modified Leone Langeur, beam, deep-drafted, with a wheelhouse (where Barbara and David slept) and with the high forehead covered in canvas taken with double moor and two smaller double coverings forward—capable of sleeping seven, I suppose, but totally unsuitable for our family of four. The Lucas are a polite, businesslike couple—moderate with children—who have no other interests except Vagabond, or other home, and so income other than what they get for chartering her. It is hard work for them, but they love it and are marvelous at it. Long after our charter was up, we were in Cannes with them, sitting around the deck table, having a final drink and talking as we had so often done that week, David saying as he lay on the boat the night and start the next day. The boys were to leave on a day or two for Toulon, where they would be "slipped"—loaded out for repairs—then on to Malta where they would wait for a few weeks. It's difficult to know what to do on vacation when your business is using a charter yacht, and as in Greece where they hoped they'd find some chaleters to sail the Greek Islands with them in the spring. We were all a bit

HOW TO RENT A YACHT ON THE RIVIERA

Solving the dilemma of every American torn between a trip to Europe this summer and going on a yacht cruise with his family
by L. RUST HULL



"Before we came to America, we were living in the East by the Nile River. We were living in luxury, enjoying freedom, justice and equality. We wore silken robes and slippers of gold. We were the wealthiest and the most privileged in land."



"Though you were pregnant, black women, you pulled the cloth. Like a horse, the i die, over a cow. He killed your heart was his richest soul. The tall white children you were made to breed."



"But fast and smooth, alive, and calm. He has secured the whole man's eye as done. He has given us some messages, but I'm not sure if

you. The man is there. He can see us as the whole world is. But you are close to him as he is. He is not the only one who





Augusta landscape: the clubhouse seen
in front of the
clubhouse of several eighteenth hole



Group portrait: one of the
club's well-known members receives their
playing and nonplaying guests

A Sketchbook of the Great Masters

During the year,
not all your party
nor discards
shall get you into the
Augusta National Golf Club—
but across the Masters
and all you need
is a few spot and the
notes below
by REGINALD WELLS

ARIZ: The Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Georgia. A Valkyrie of hope and harassment, jargon-crammed and megaphone-fueled. Permanent under-way to the Masters, the greatest golf tournament staged anywhere.

There is some disagreement about that claim, but it takes the word of Gary Player, Arnold Palmer and a host of others who have played them all and were most. The Masters is the one and only. It is the tournament that golfing champions must want to win. Bobby Jones, who runs the club, across the invitations to compete, and the only people he invites are the seven champions.

The Masters has a lot going for it. It is held in the same place every year (the U.S. Open and the P.G.A. tournaments are not). It offers an association with the greatest golfer of all time, a course as nearly perfect as modern money and effort can make it, the support of some of the strongest men in business and finance; the presence of a former U.S. President. The entire process begins the grand old man together with the winner boys of today for the Masters Trophy and golf's largest prize fund (\$100,000).

Arriving in Augusta during Masters Week for the first time, I catch the city's

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1910-1915



1915-1920



1920-1925



1925-1930

golfing fever. Most of the year nothing much happens here. The famous and fashionable old hotel Sun Air stands unopened and deserted, a little like a haunted grand-uncle still formally dressed for dinner, hopefully waiting for an invitation which seems interminably delayed. But then comes the glory! For the rugged week every Augustan did enough to hold a club here, branches and water golf. For some three or four days Augusta builds its world of hotels around the ponds and dignified world of the club and the tournament. Thousands of golf addicts pour into town and demand hotel and board. They come by bus, main plane, private railroad car, and even by boat (see the *Augusta River*). Restaurants guard to be able fifty a night open all night and take on four times the number. Chiefs, short-order cooks and beer-applauded "waitresses" have been hired from as far away as New York. For fifty miles around Augusta not a bed, not a not so to be had. All the Sun Air's rooms are filled. Some people make their own beds the year before. Others stay in *Athens*, a hundred miles away, and commute by rented car. There are as many as three hundred private-plane landings daily by those who commute by air. All about the city hangs a heady spirit of golfing gushiness.

Special attraction of the Masters, I'm told, is partly the presence of Bobby Jones, partly the course itself. Jones is the Laidlaw of golf, the sports hero of 1930 who won the British Amateur, the British Open, the U.S. Open and the U.S. Amateur all in one season. When he returned to Georgia, with a law practice and plenty of tensively commercial offers, he had just one unmodified ambition: to build the perfect golf course. (His remarkable success as a player, after all, had something to do with the fact that he studied the course he played so cleverly as he studied his game.)

Jones and C.B. Roberts, a Wall Street investment banker, became interested in acquiring such a course. A mutual friend heard about the proposed and invited Jones and Roberts to look at a nearby property which a British nobleman and horticulturist had bought in 1887 and turned into the first nursery in the South. "Frick's land," three-hundred-twenty-five acres of softly undulating land divided here and there with Georgia pine and poplar with flowering plants and trees, was for sale at Depression prices. They set out to see it on a December morning in 1928. Later, Jones recalled his first visit. "The long line of magnolias through which we approached was beautiful. The old master house, with its cupola and walls of masonry two feet thick, was charming. The rose trees and



Grand picture as far as it is to be seen. The picture is taken from the clubhouse.



Clear morning as first hole for start of a match.



Swinging chain pieces a problem? Be patient, how to be comfortable with and looking happy. Here's one way. Wear a jacket like the loved American-made cardigan. It's a fun-looking knit with two long pockets and a full lining. All creature comforts. Underneath it goes a wool-blend polo shirt in a pale yellow. The thick, polo shirt is an athletic undershirt, and they are built to permit freedom of motion. The hats made by Better Made should cover the jacket, shirt and pants are by Providence. The \$29, \$11, and \$10 which is about on the low end.

GOLFER'S CARDIGAN

been a timid little girl, afraid to speak or act because she felt unsure of the reactions of the people around her. That has

only she was violent and impatient, and eventually she had learned to not completely rely on a single ear of corn. She soon realized that creek strongly lay in doubt and saying exactly what she felt. She found that this attitude incurred a general dislike for her in the small Iowa towns where she lived, but long before she had given up hope of acceptance by a society which seemed to her completely inconsistent and confusing. She was proud of her own honesty and regarded the dislike and distrust of the towns as a mere

success. In school she was "a brilliant girl"—this was the phrase applied rather disdainfully by her teachers; they had had experience before with three older, more precocious children—and although she was often punished for disrespect and disobedience, she was at the top of every class.

But she was a disappointment to her parents. They couldn't understand her. Her pretensions had been means, and her mother was afraid that it would carry over to Lila. Maybe her frantic honesty was a kind of reverse mythomania, or mythophobia. Because of the strain that with which Lila held to her leading principle of honesty, she never lied to her parents. They would have been astounded if she had, but at that time she was so single-minded about this honesty that she took advantage of every chance to

display it. In the third year of high school she had had an affair with a painter in New York. One night she

"No," said Lili calmly. "I'm staying here tonight."

"Like, I'm telling you to come home!"
 "No, Mom, I want to spend the night with Bruce. Tomorrow's Saturday and . . ."
 "Like, tell me the truth! Have you . . . ?"
 "Are you a . . . ? Dayou . . . ?"
 "Do I what? I don't have what you're saying!"
 "You know what I mean?"

"No I don't. Just tell me what you want to know."

It amused Lolo to see her parents pretending that they had a normal, happy family life. They did everything they could to avoid situations that called for recognition of their daughter's insistent independence. That supreme hypocrisy distressed Lolo; the truth was her weapon and she held it above their heads and took pleasure in watching them squirm. Later, as she matured, she reflected

somewhat toward them—especially toward her mother, for whom she felt a vague kind of pity.

Her first lover was a young English teacher in her high school. She had known him since they were children. She had loved him for years. She felt that with his brains, straight-forwardness she did everything possible to discourage it. She was attracted at first, the English teacher was handsome, intelligent, popular and was married to a tall Swede whom everyone acknowledged to be the most beautiful woman in town. Life was so beautiful that he should love her and she told him so.

Almost every day after school he would drive her back into the outskirts of town to a deserted road that used to be an old path connecting two pastures. He wouldn't have intercourse with her at first, and every time they drove into the woods he would make love and water. She began to beg and whine for it. It was then that the saw him change from a handsome, intelligent young man into a whimpering, shivering child. One rainy afternoon, out of boredom and perhaps pity, she began to leave. For a few weeks he snuggled up to her in the chimney, while she told him he had killed her son. She left, but he never returned. She was alone, but she never forgot him. She said she could never understand what he wanted, nor could he tell her. He could only say, "You are good enough to you," but not one of those known words. He was 100.

Each of her subsequent letters provided her only with a variation of this fast experience.

As Tolstoy's self-awareness increased, his disappointment in people turned to its inverse. He became fascinated and obsessed with the problem of power and money and also began watching people waiting for contradictions in their behavior or signs of emotion that could give him clues as to who they really were. He began seeing the world as a kind of double world, a world of sense and a world of nonsense. She felt that the herself had become part of the world of reality, but that her daily life continued in the other world of studied externals and defensive poses. She wanted to break down the images of the people around her, she wanted to see what was inside.

It was with this in mind that she started the notebooks about the thirties.

[illegible][illegible]

Albert Wagner, Pittsburgh, is surely Great Guy for good guy. "Miss Lutz," Typist Corinne Macgregor, Fairview, Judge of Japs and Mopps: He's good good here! Write me to see facts! Young Sam'l out of jail Good to me too! I've armer had the feeling he won't to make me—never trust anything. So he goes on the hot plate, and cooking at the rear's against the law. Someone said he told friends over the wife who left him years ago, on their 25th wedding anniversary. Why did she do it? He's the kind of guy who marries a Miss just out of pity or something. Greg once said he had a nose stuck in him. A typical remark—that Greg has it in for everyone! But watch him and keep it in mind.

There was a wagon Indian summer that year and often in the early evening Lila would carry the baby down to the river and sit with her until the sun had set. Lila didn't know any William or Capt. Rock-a-Slye Story and Erwin's Lullaby, so she'd sing love songs and sometimes the old parts of Italian madrigals that she'd [Continued on page 12]

Doc,
Which
Side
Are
You
On?
by
Dan
Wakeland



A decade or so past midcentury, John Dos Passos slowly moves up from radicalism. Now, too liberal for conservatives, too conservative for radicals, he eyes both from the one-man's-land of no group at all.

"Young grants walked the earth forty years ago," said the young man about to present the award, and the jam-packed crowd in Madison Square Garden (they were told that six thousand less-forty-year-olds had been turned away) swayed and roared beneath the

Young Americans for Freedom were called at the Garden to honor their conservative heroes and the many awards to honor and

had to be grown and taken before the arrival of the ultimate herb Goldwater as the time is the anxious waiting time economically called paper airplanes and would the dogma-painted phantoms that have the greatest cost.

—Homespun: Fourteen, Edgemoor, Ont.

Twice—but the names drew no response from the crowd except for a smattering of applause for the name Fitzgerald. The young man asked that most of the guests were "if they died or is dollar" and the "lucky

giant of today" who was being honored was John De France. The crowd applauded and the band struck up. When each of the honorees came to the podium to get his award the band struck up an appropriate hymn of praise.

STREET-SMART: The Resident Street Theorist, *The Public Space of The Republic* by Barry Goldwater ("How open have been the eyes of the coming of the Land?"). Books: Books for author-often Street Reader: as James York in National Geographic and other

John De France walked to the aisle to receive the award of the young conservatives "for his contribution to the Nation and the literature." The band played "When the Saints Go Marching In."

The big building was with graying teenagers who stood at the podium peered through his thick steel-rimmed glasses and told the crowd that "One of the few advantages of surviving for a few years is that you can see

changes during. That this strange amorphous thing leaves as the climate of opinion. At any given moment it seems unchangeable and irreversible, but when you look back on it you find it is subject to constant change.

Wilson Forces Draft

"Fats and plants on the stock exchange,
mechanisms and weeds,
Eucalyptus, warrens,
shardaine, tin, chlores and typhoid
paid growing weathers for the House of

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¹ 'While there is a lower class I am of it, while there is a criminal class I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am, not free'—Eugene V. Debs

© If essential, re-...

Recommendations for the future

"Every day I become more red—my complexion is so he able to sing the International," wrote twenty-one-year-old John. Don Puccio, a year out of Harvard on his way to join the North-Harvard substance unit in

Photo is 1917. "I have been spending my time of late going to palliat meetings and being dispersed by the police," he wrote in the same letter to his Grand Arthur W. Cook and also brooded that "I think we are

all of us a pretty silly lot, don't you? With our tea-table conversations and our redactions that keeps us consistently within the bounds of decorum—Damn it, why couldn't one of us have refused to register and gone to jail!

and made a paternal use of himself?" But was he was Over There—where he collaborated both on writing a novel (*Never Solated*) and repairing automobile engines with the poet Robert Bly—the words in

The "class" came from his mother. Lucy Johnson, daughter of a Southern plantation

lady of Episcopius, Maryland stock. The "mouled beakmount" came from his father, John Randolph De Fries, a "half made literary" (as his writer son later described him), one of a "Raphanous" movement. It

and became a corporation lawyer (defended and won his case for the Sugar Trust before the Supreme Court) and a personal friend of William McKinley and wrote books and speeches and pamphlets with him. The

Anglo-Saxon Cemetery and A Defense of the McKinley Administration from Mr. Carl Schurz and Other Anti-Imperialists. This was the mother (rhyme) and the father (quoted language) and John Doe Parson.

It was their illegitimate son, born in a hotel room in Chicago with money and no certain name, sent to spend a "hotel childhood" in Europe with his mother and many girlfriends. His father paid visits and provided

the boy with all the advantages—except his own name. The son attended fashionable Choate School for three-and-a-half years under the name of "John E. Madison" (the father still was married and in the public eye).

John Badger De France at sixteen the son went to Harvard and got his own name (and soon his nickname "Doc"—to rhyme with "Moe"—that friends would call him from that time on) and the name was soon associated in studies and music and sports.

in the *Novels of the Month*, and along with its previous name its companion rebellion, destruction and longing. As later he told of that time as the narrator who sees his own past through the *Novels of the Month*, the

Although the climate is so warm with snow melting all the spring night leading the frequent history of Duster Powers and went used instantly to the creature wheels across grading is a little of how much, most the most famous.

He had wanted to go to see instead of to Harvard and after the four years' confinement I hadn't the nerve to jump up and walk out there and tell them all to go take a flying monkey at the moon."

hust at Cambridge "was off on the voyage throughout the world he would never tire of or cease." "As a capitalist—and is that title, too," Katherine Cowley wrote of him many years later, "he is always moving, always

carrying off to make a taxi, a bus, a train, a plane or a transatlantic steamer. . . . The travel was not expensive but a search and hauling charge was the problem. Don had just asked in a *Newbie* Postcard in the War-

round. Wholly and would wrestle with throughout the life and work. The dilemma: action brought about by industrialism and the need for a way to make it serve the individual instead of machine first. "Are we not

Due ended in his protest: "And at the same time we immediately showed in the fact with no thought as to where we are being taken." Living in Spain before he joined the ambassador, says he had found in that country

and, perhaps, the state is that country still largely schooled by individualism as a common sympathy for the people of the nation to regard and secure themselves, as reflected by the standardization of the life of our daily and traveling through the New

East after the war saw a welcome freedom from the modern world permeate in the life of the desert that he pressed in a poem. While travelling Den was writing *Blasphemy of the War*, *Three Soldiers*, which skillfully

...somed the standardization of men by the
calling bureaucracy of army 114 that brings
a man to the place where "he would not have
to think whether to go to the right or to the
left. He would do as the others do" (a false

Back to style (for a while) in New York in 1922 he had written three books and many articles and poems and had a bright reputation for his novel *Three Soldiers*. "Doc

For more information, contact:



JACKETS WITH CHARACTER



and she didn't like the idea of her not having a special morning with the boys of the year.

Suddenly she was aware there was someone at the room. She thought was Hal. It was Freddie. But she remembered that he had a few days ago on a boat to Buffalo. She sat still, waiting for the old man to speak or move. There was only silence. At last she turned a new long shawl round the dishevelled hair. "What do you want?"

loads into the corner. He came lurking slowly across the room. He seemed to possess a strange combination of patience and persistence. Then Lila realized that he was coming at her to find out the truth! But it was no time to panic. She would simply answer as usual: now she had a right to do the same before he smother her. His painful screams reminded her of long hours from the last time in Liverpool, of agonized tactics, of a change from cold to warmth. It

...and the long-running
...may all reflect
...ing ... a prospective
...line ...
...a, "There's a tall
...are made with
...with the use of
...of the old 1941
...on, which is made
...you would think
...the old ..."
...John Underwood

That night, like death, neither any longer with a nostalgia. The world was passing. Why should she when it seemed she could not naturally everything that is to happen? She wrote: "I believe starting this first night. I could not see."



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[illegible]

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a. YES b. NO c. MAYBE

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a. YES b. NO c. MAYBE

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